

# Arlington Advocate.



11744

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Vol. XIII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1884.

No. 1.

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Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam  
Is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds,  
Hoarseness, Sore Throat and  
all Diseases of the Throat  
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We do not claim to cure consumption when  
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sands of lives may be saved every year by the  
timely use of Dr. Lawrence's Cough Balsam.

Many people imagine they have consumption  
when they really have only a bad cold, which  
is easily cured by proper care and the right  
kind of medicine. We condil columns with  
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if not perfectly satisfied, return the bottle to the  
dealer of whom it was bought and receive their  
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Price for trial sizes, 25 cents.  
Family sizes, \$1 per bottle.

Remember, No Cure, No Pay!

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ART GOODS,  
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Bronzes, Plaques and Choice  
Articles in Upholstery Goods

may be found at

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inspection of our Fine Imported and Domestic  
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tionery especially adapted for school children.

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Monograms executed at short notice and in the  
most artistic manner from original designs, or  
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Also a full and well selected assortment of

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Which are offered at prices that defy competition.

Plumbing, Gas Fitting,

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NEWSDEALER.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY.

FRUIT.

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A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF EVERY

VARIETY OF

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A Specialty.

## (Correspondence.)

### At the Heights.

Union Hall at Arlington Heights was  
entirely filled last Sabbath evening by  
the children and their parents and  
friends to witness a very beautiful ex-  
hibition of views illustrating Bible  
lands and scenes, by means of stere-  
opticon. Mr. John K. Simpson, whose  
right and left hand are often charged  
to keep the secret, each of what the  
other has done for the children and  
young people, presented the views and  
gave a brief account of each.

The pastor, Rev. W. H. Daniels, who  
has visited the Holy Land, added much  
to the pleasure and profit of the even-  
ing by a graphic description of the  
places he had visited in Egypt and Pal-  
estine, as they were thrown upon the  
screen.

The presentation of the views was  
preceded by a half hour of sacred song.  
The Misses Feakins, who have kindly  
assisted on other occasions, sang a duet.  
Willie, Hattie, Maggie, and Jessie  
Young gave a quartette, and two  
pieces were very pleasantly rendered by  
Messrs. Mann, Turner, Charles C.  
and Walter D. Hutchings. The accom-  
panists were Misses Eva Sylvester and  
Martha Weeks.

Those who have interested them-  
selves in the religious welfare of the  
part of the town are doing a good  
work, and are encouraged to hold on  
and go forward. Let all who can give  
them a helping hand.

H.

for the children of the Heights, under  
the auspices of the Sunday school, was  
given on Thursday evening last. The  
simple announcement of the supper  
brought in over-flowing supplies of  
good things, which might be said to  
have come of themselves, for there was  
very little personal solicitation. About

175 persons, young and old, were pres-  
ent, 157 of whom sat down at the tables.  
After supper there was a brief enter-  
tainment, comprising songs by two Ar-  
lington young ladies, Miss Carrie Hig-  
gins and Miss Lena Wood; a recitation  
by Mrs. J. Baird, brief remarks by pas-  
tor Daniels, and songs by Mrs. Baird  
and Mr. G. W. Austin, the latter gen-  
tleman acting as master of ceremonies.

"The compliments of the season" were  
distributed in elegant embossed  
boxes provided by Mr. Baird, contain-  
ing goodies for such as had a sweet  
tooth, provided by Mr. Swadkins, and  
the bon-bons presented by Mr. Simpson  
the Asst. Superintendent of the Sun-  
day school, showed how well that gen-  
tleman understands how to put the  
finishing touch to an entertainment for  
young people.

The Sunday school at the Heights, though  
under the general direction of the  
Methodists, is, in the best sense a  
union school. There are the same  
scholars as aforetime, besides a large  
addition of new ones, and officers and  
teachers who are members of various  
Christian Communions carry on the  
good work.

H.

## OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS

### IN ARLINGTON.

—Mr. Hartwell has made no report to  
the Selectmen, or placed any on file with  
the Town Clerk.

—Dea. and Mrs. Warren Frost will  
leave next week for a visit to the orange  
groves of Florida.

—Mr. John H. Hartwell is now busy  
gathering up the record of the year in  
the matter of births.

—Mrs. Allen closes her dancing school  
at the Heights with an assembly in Union  
Hall Wednesday evening next.

—Mr. Eugene Meade put in an ap-  
pearance on New Year's day and was  
sworn in as chief of police by the Town  
Clerk.

—The skating on Spy Pond was quite  
good, part of the time the past week, and  
was enjoyed by crowds on Saturday and  
Monday.

—The new department opened this  
week, relating to our Public Library, will  
be found useful by all patrons of that  
valuable institution.

—Mr. W. E. Richardson is re-elected  
superintendent of the Baptist Sunday  
school. The remaining officers will be  
elected on Sunday.

—The Cotting High School Library has  
been arranged and catalogued and this is  
in the hands of the printer. It will be  
ready for distribution next week.

—The public schools were ordered to  
resume sessions on Wednesday, but a  
more thorough one-session day is rarely  
seen, and the "opening" did not amount to  
much.

—A surprise party at the residence of  
Mr. B. Frank Durgin was one of the  
events of the past week. Mr. David  
Clark's barge was run in connection with  
the party.

—We understand that the Addison Gage  
Ice Co. will not attempt to cut ice on Spy  
pond this winter. The thick coating of  
snow ice would render the crop almost  
worthless for purposes of shipment.

—The new list of officers of Bethel  
Lodge, as published last week, was in-  
stalled Wednesday evening, after which  
the company enjoyed the customary col-  
lation. The names of the officers appear  
in our miniature directory.

—There was a joint meeting of the  
Reading Room committee with Selectmen  
and Library Trustees, Thursday evening.  
All were made aware of the need of  
a public reading room in Arlington. Its  
accomplishment must be the town's next  
forward move.

—The new officers of Francis Gould  
Post 36, G. A. R., will be installed next  
Thursday evening, at their regular meet-  
ing in Bethel Lodge room. As a colla-  
tion or supper is to be served in connec-  
tion with it, we expect every member  
will be present.

—At a meeting of the Selectmen, Mon-  
day evening, Mr. Eugene Meade was ap-  
pointed chief of police and janitor of  
Town Hall, vice John H. Hartwell re-  
moved. The usual monthly pay rolls  
were approved and some other items of  
routine business connected with the close  
of the year transacted.

—In answer to our enquiries as to the  
new chief of police, a member of the  
Board of Selectmen favored us with the  
following:—His name is Eugene Meade,  
and we like his appearance and the en-  
dorsement he receives from those who  
have long known him. We think he is  
in every way qualified for the position.  
Certainly he is physically able, and so  
far as technicalities are concerned we  
have no question that Judge Carter, who  
has drawn almost every paper Mr. Hart-  
well has served, will extend to the new  
man the same degree of help. Coming  
here and taking an oath to faithfully  
perform the duties of office, he is enti-  
tled to a fair degree of consideration at  
the hands of citizens; certainly to be re-  
ceived without prejudice. We have  
agreed with him for \$700.00 per year as  
chief of police, and his pay as janitor of  
Town Hall, ringing bell, etc., will be  
\$400, a trifle more than formerly paid,  
but secures to the town his whole  
time, while Mr. Hartwell gave the town  
what he had to spare after attending to  
any calls as undertaker."

—There was a jolly party at the Unitarian church vestry, Tuesday evening, the  
occasion being the annual Sunday school  
party. About one hundred children  
gathered in the afternoon and romped  
and played in the vestry to their heart's  
content. Soon after six o'clock, to the  
music of a march played by Prof. Prentiss,  
the company marched into the parlor  
where supper was spread, and after a  
blessing by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Forbes,  
the children were served with the solids  
and dainties provided. The older people  
present had supper when the children  
had all been served, and at a later  
stage all were gathered in front of the  
platform to listen to an address from the  
pastor and receive the rewards for good  
conduct

## WINTER ON EARTH, BUT JUNE IN THE SKY.

Slow through the light and silent air,  
Up climbs the smoke on its spiral stair—  
The visible flight of some mortal's prayer:  
The trees are in bloom with the flowers of frost,  
But never a feathery leaf is lost.  
The spring, descending, is caught and bound  
Ere its silver feet can touch the ground  
So still is the air that lies, this morn,  
Over the snow-cold fields forlorn,  
'Tis as though Italy's heaven smiled  
In the face of some bleak Norwegian wild;  
And the heart in me sings—I know not why—  
Tis Winter on earth, but June in the sky!

June in the sky! Ah, now I can see  
The souls of roses about to be,  
In gardens of heaven beckoning me  
Roses red-lipped, and roses pale,  
Fanned by the tremulous ether gale;  
Some of them climbing a window ledge,  
Some of them peering from way-side hedge,  
As yonder, adrift on the airy stream,  
Love drives his plumed and filleted team  
The Angel of Summer afloat I see,  
And the souls of roses about to be!  
And the heart in me sings—the heart knows  
Tis Winter on earth, but June in the sky'

—Edith M. Thomas.

## MEADOW FARM.

Mary Miller came home from the factory, upon that April evening, with a light, quick step.

The sky was alt a jonquil glow; the frogs were croaking in the swamp; the maples were crimsoned with their earliest banners of blossom; and, as she tripped along, Mary found a tuft of violets, half hidden under a drift of dead leaves—pale purple, scentless blooms!

"The first violets always bring good luck with them," she whispered to herself, as she pinned them into the bosom of her blue flannel gown.

"Home" was scarcely the ideal realization of that poetic word to our factory girl. She and her mother lived in the upper half of a shabby, unpainted wooden house, with the blacksmith's scolding wife and seven riotous children down stairs, and one-half of a trampled-down back yard by way of garden, where nothing ever grew but burdock, nettles and Mrs. Muggs' long-legged fowls.

But Mrs. Miller, who had been a school teacher once, and still retained somewhat of the refinement of her early education, had the tea ready, with a shaded lamp and a bunch of maple blossoms on the table, ready for Mary to come home.

"Good news, mother!" the girl cried, lightly. "The Meadow farm is to let! Mother, we must take it."

Mrs. Miller looked dubiously at the bright, eager face, with its blue-gray eyes and fringes of yellow hair.

"Can we afford it, daughter?" she said, slowly. "A whole house and a farm of forty-three acres?"

"It isn't such a very large house, mother!" pleaded Mary, as she laid the bunch of violets in her mother's lap—"not so many more rooms than we have here. And we could keep two cows, and I could sell milk and butter, and spring chickens and eggs; and I am almost sure that Will Davidge would work the farm on shares. And only think, mother, how delightful it would be to have a home all to ourselves, where we couldn't hear Mrs. Muggs' boxing Bobby's ears, or Helen shrieking with the toothache! And a little garden, mother, where we could have peonies and hollyhocks, and all those lovely, old-fashioned flowers that your soul delights in!"

"Mrs. Miller's pale face softened. "It would be a great temptation, Mother," she said.

"It is a month now since old Mrs. Dabney died, said Mary. "And they say that her daughter in the city and her son out in California despise the old farm, with its one-story house and its old red barn. So it is to let. And so cheap, too! Only a hundred and fifty dollars a year! Mother, we must take it! I'll leave the factory and turn dairy-maid. I've saved enough, you know, to buy the two cows and some real Plymouth Rock fowls to begin with, and, oh, it will be such a happiness! Say yes, mother—do say yes!"

When Mary Miller pleaded like this, the gentle widow never knew how to refuse; and the upshot of it was that they leased the old Dabney house, and became co-sovereigns of the realm of Meadow farm.

It was their first night there. Overhead the young May moon shone through a veil of purple mist. A solitary owl hooted in the chestnut-wood back of the house, for Meadow farm was situated on a lonely mountain-side where no one ever came except on special business.

The Plymouth Rock chickens were safely shut up where foxes could not reach them nor minks steal in to bleed their young lives away; the cows—two fine young Alderney cows—were chewing their cud back of the old red barn, and Mary Miller had flung a handful of cedar-sticks on the hearth, where their scented blaze illuminated the old kitchen with a leaping brightness beautiful to see.

"Because it's just possible that the house may be damp," she said, "after being uninhabited so long. There, mother, isn't that cheerful? And isn't it nice that our old rag-carpet should chance to fit this floor so exactly?" with a satisfied downward glance. "And do you see those tiger-lilies? I found them down by the garden-wall—oh, such a red wilderness of them! Old Mrs. Dabney set them out herself, they say. It seems only yesterday," she added, thoughtfully, "that I came past here and saw old Mrs. Dabney sitting in the big chair by the fire, just where—"

Mrs. Miller uttered a little shriek and grasped her daughter's arm at this moment. Mary stopped short, with an ashy pallor overspreading her cheek.

For as she spoke, the door opposite had opened, and a very little old woman, silver-haired and shrivelled like a mummy, came in, and, walking across the floor, seated herself in Mrs. Dabney's very corner. An old woman dressed in the snuff-colored gown which Mrs. Dabney had always worn, and wearing a snuff-silk cap, while a bag depended from her arm.

"It's cold, ladies," she said, looking around with a deprecating air. "Cold for the season of the year. And they don't keep fire at Tewkstown!"

"Mother," said Mary, recovering her

self with a hysterical gasp of relief. "It isn't old Mrs. Dabney's ghost at all. It's old Miss Abby, come back from the Tewkstown poor-house."

"You don't mean—" began the mild widow.

"That Mrs. Daniel Dabney and Mrs. Everard Elberson let their old aunt go to the poor-house!" said Mary Miller. "Yes, it is quite true. Mrs. Daniel leads society in San Francisco, I am told, and Mrs. Elberson is a grand lady in Bridgeport, with a reception day and servants in livery. What could they do with a half crazy old aunt, who takes snuff and talks uncertain grammar? Poor Miss Abby! She has wandered back to her old home. She was eighty last birthday, and things are all misty and vague to her."

"I have heard of Cyrus Dubrey," said Mrs. Miller, gently.

"And I'll venture, ma'am, you heard no good of me," said the young giant, with a short laugh. "I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, and there's nobody to bid me welcome home, except old Aunt Abby, out of the poor-house."

"I'll take her back, after she has rested a little, and had a cup of tea," said Mary, cheerily.

"But perhaps she won't go."

"Oh, yes, she will," said Mary. "Poor Miss Abby! She is as gentle as a child."

Her words proved to be correct. Miss Abby Dabney suffered herself to be led unresistably back to Tewkstown poor-house, where the matron read her a shrill-voiced lecture, and declared she should not be allowed another grain of snuff if she couldn't behave better. Old Miss Abby smiled deprecatingly.

"They are peculiar people here," she said. "I think, my dear," to Mary Miller, "they forget sometimes I am a lady. But it takes all sorts, don't you see, to make this world go round."

The next night, however, just as Mary and her mother were sitting down to tea, Miss Abby once more appeared, in the midst of a gentle shower of rain.

"I hope I don't inconvenience anybody," she said, meekly. "But that woman at Tewkstown has cut off my allowance of snuff, and, after all, there's no place like home."

And once more Mary Miller waited back with the poor old crone to the poor-house. The matron was infuriated this time.

"It ain't in human natur' to stand this," she declared. "I'll put her in the jug."

"The jug?" repeated Mary, in surprise. "It's a room down cellar, where we shut up the troublesome cases," said the matron. "I can't stand this running-away business, and I won't."

They still live in the old farm-house, the happiest of married lovers, and Aunt Abby firmly believes that they are all her guests; for to her the world stands eternally still—the world that is so full of bloom and beauty to Cyrus and Mary!—Helen Forrest Graves.

you, from the very bottom of my heart, for giving her a shelter in her old age. And if money will pay for it—"

"It will not!" said Mary, sharply, as if the words conveyed a slur.

"No, I've posed not," said Cyrus, with a sigh. "But I've plenty of money now. The dear old aunty shall live like a queen all the rest of her days, for she was good to me when all the rest set me down for a black sheep. I've made my fortune out in Panama, and I've come home to redeem myself!"

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### Caught by an Avalanche.

Two miners—John Olsen and Peter Anderson—report a fearful ride down Keesler's Peak, in Utah, on an avalanche. They were swept from the trail by a straight snow slide and down until they thought it was the end, and lost consciousness.

Olsen gives a graphic account of his terrible experiences. "We were going along the path together," said he, "when we heard above us, on the mountain a sound as if a big storm were raging. There was an awful roar, and the trees were swaying as if bent by the wind. The sound approached us suddenly, and then a huge white mound towered above us, and the next instant all was darkness to me. It flashed through my mind that I was caught in a snow slide. I tried to put out my arms, but they were pressed to my side and I could move them but little. I could feel the snow with my hands. I could feel no movement, though at that moment, I suppose, I was going down the mountain side with a straight snow slide and down until they thought it was the end, and lost consciousness.

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## HOW APACHES HUNT DEER.

### RUNNING DOWN THE ANIMAL WITH THEIR TIRED LOPE.

The Penalty of Falling to Shoot The Quarry—A Successful Pursuit that Lasts Sixty Miles.

An ex-frontiersman tells a New York Sun reporter how the Apache Indian hunts the deer. He says

"When an Apache hunter goes out for a hunt he dispenses with even the scant attire he assumes in his ordinary daily walk in life. He needs no dog, for his quick eye detects the trail of the deer as readily as the hound's does, no matter how keen its scent. On the trail, he follows it as silently as a shadow, for he knows he will soon come in sight of the game, either feeding or lying at rest among the bushes. When he sights the deer he steals to within safe gunshot. If the deer's head is turned away from the hunter, the latter, first taking aim, shuffles his foot on the ground. If the deer is lying down it springs to its feet at the sound, and wheels around facing the direction from which the sound came. If it is standing, it turns around quickly. The Apache hunter is always desirous of killing a deer by shooting it as nearly in

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

### Diet for Pigs.

Corn is not a perfect diet for pigs. It is deficient in albuminoids. To correct this we must add an article, says the *Breeder's Gazette*, that will make up for the deficiency. For example, skim-milk is highly nitrogenous and has nearly four per cent. of true albuminoids. Two and a third pounds of skim milk contain as much albuminous food as is found in one pound of corn. But we cannot always add milk. Linsed cake, meal or pea meal greatly increases the value of corn as a hog feed. The pig kept in a small pen, getting milk and table scraps with a little corn is noted for continued good health and even development.

### Milk for Young Colts.

It is recommended by those who have tried the experiment to give cows' milk to young colts to drink instead of water, as it is notorious that mares rarely have sufficient milk for the proper nourishment of their colts. All who have bred colts, whether cart or thoroughbred, can not fail to notice how soon the youngster begins to eat with its dam any food that is in the manger or crib. If a large supply of milk could be introduced to the young sapling no doubt the desire for the other food would be lessened and it would avoid eating too much corn or grass or hay—food that is adapted to an older stomach and which requires more digestive operations than the delicate stomach of a two-month-old colt is possessed of. Good cows' milk could be sweetened to make it more closely resemble the mare's in taste, for no doubt the quality of mares' milk, like that of asses', is far richer than cows'. Milk is the natural food for infant animals, and it is cheaper and better to bring up the young colt or lamb on milk than on any other substance.—*Grazier*

### Bedding For Animals.

The farmer who takes pains to "make up the bed" for his cow or horse, gains ten times more than the cost of the labor of so doing, says the *Prairie Farmer*. If all the material is passed through the cutter previous to being used for bedding, it not only adds to the comfort of the animal, but assists in the matter of cleanliness by reason of its great power of absorption. For this reason sawdust is becoming a favorite, as its fineness not only admits of its being handled easily, well spread in the stall, and promptly removed, but after having absorbed the liquid flows of the stall, still readily mixes with the matter in the manure heap. The merit of sawdust is due to its fineness and to its absorptive qualities. If any bedding is plentiful, fine and absorptive, it prevents loss of manure by intimately mixing with it, and the droppings are more readily incorporated with a great mass of absorbent material, the risk of evaporation and escape of gases is lessened. Now, if the labor of cutting is to be taken into account, it is more than balanced by the facility in spreading the fine manure when it is hauled to the field. The cutting can be done in winter or during the wet days, and it is a luxury to spread nice, finely-divided manure. Good, fine, clean bedding adds to the thrift and health of the animals, is cooler in summer and warmer in winter, and those who use it prevent much loss.

### For Horses.

A market grower in the neighborhood of Paris has a method of treating pot roses which is said to ensure their flowering a second time, with a vigor and profusion almost or quite equaling the first display. By the system followed the plants are subjected to a forced rest as soon as the flowers fade, which is accomplished by keeping them under cover, and for a time almost entirely withholding water. In the course of a month or so they are pruned, shaken out and fresh potted, or simply watered with manure water, when they start away into growth again, and bloom finely at the close of the summer or early in autumn when roses are scarce. In this way the plants are in blossom at those seasons of the year when the outdoor plants have either not commenced to flower or are nearly past, and are resting just when they are least needed. It may be thought that this treatment would be so far exhaustive as to render the plants of but little value for another year, but we are assured that this is not the case, and that scarcely any difference is perceptible between plants which have thus bloomed twice in the year and such as have been allowed to recruit in their own natural way. This, if true, is by no means so surprising as it would be in the case of many other plants, as we know some roses flower abundantly naturally in the autumn, and push into growth with undiminished vigor the following spring. We see this in the case of such kinds as the old Glory, Aimee Vibert, Adam, Céline Forestier, the Chinas, and others, which never under good culture seem to get tired of producing bloom. We also know that the class of Hybrid Perpetuals yield, with liberal treatment, a good secondary bloom.—*The Garden*.

### Confining Fowls.

A New Jersey correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes to that paper concerning the ill effects of giving fowls too much liberty, and gives such excellent advice in regard to their proper care that we make the following extract for the benefit of our readers:—"The best yard for fowls is an orchard—apples, pears, peaches or plums—ample in size, with some currant bushes, that sour and nearly worthless fruit of which they could steal ad libitum; and in this yard I would also have some permanent grass and some land to plough where corn, rye, oats, buckwheat, &c., could be sown at intervals for them to scratch out and eat. The fence should be of lath or something cheap and moveable. In addition, make part of this yard a receptacle for beef heads, lightly buried and any bones with adhering scraps of meat, the bones to be cracked and fed out at intervals. Beside, dump in most of the vegetable rubbish that the farm furnishes, weeds, cornstalks, straw, salt or hog hay, potato tops, beansstalks, buckwheat straw, etc., etc., and throw grain into it. The amount of rubbish that a flock will pulverize in a year with these incentives is astonishing, and all the while you are doing useful work instead of wasting you. The people most likely complain of the time it takes are generally those who like to hang about the

groceries of the town or entirely unaccustomed to watchful and systematic care of live stock. The time given is more than made up in the time saved in chasing them out of mischief, and in damage averted from crops grown for sale on the table. Where flocks have their full liberty nothing is more common, beside being in all sorts of mischief, than to see them hanging about the front door of a farmhouse, on the piazza, at the kitchen door, or in some other spot where they are not wanted, or are a disgusting nuisance. When confined part of each day in a rather small yard and released a few hours they usually spend it in lively exercise, and when through with it go to roost without making trouble. Even from a large yard they can be profitably released frequently, as they enjoy a change of scene, but to beat large all the time without any food, or but little of it, is in my judgment a pernicious practice. Another objection to the latter is the waste of eggs. Give the hens full freedom and eggs are laid almost anywhere, and often in almost inaccessible places—under stables, where only dogs, cats or skunks can penetrate—in boxes, barrels, wagons, straw stacks, behind woodpiles, in the grass, where they are trodden on or spoiled before being found—and much valuable time is lost in hunting for them. In a henhouse with proper nest boxes none are lost from these causes, and no time in hunting for them.

### Undeveloped Resources of the Soil.

Some years ago, being short of manure to finish out a cornfield, we had recourse to a quantity of decomposed muck, which laid upon a ditch bank adjacent to the field we proposed to cultivate, of five acres. Of this we proposed to draw out some forty cartloads and spread it over two acres, but could see no perceptible difference in the quantity of corn produced on the land fertilized with barnyard manure or the two acres on which much was spread. Afterward we grew a crop of wheat and seeded it down with timothy in the fall, intending to sow clover seed in the spring, which was omitted. But, strange as it may appear, when the grass began to grow the summer following on all the portion of the field covered by the muck as handsome a stand of red-top clover appeared as if the land had been carefully seeded, but on all that portion of the field not so mucked no clover appeared whatever. Wherever the muck had been dumped, and the muck spread from the heap in the center, the clover grew in regular rings, following the exact line or circle of the muck distribution, while only pure timothy grew upon the field immediately adjacent, treated with barnyard manure. When the grass came to be gathered one portion of the field was a regular clover patch, mixed with timothy. The field was originally a worn out pasture field, and the herbage for years had only been five-finger vines, mullens and thistles. The explanation would seem to be that some years previous the land had been seeded down to clover, although not a single sprout of clover had been seen on the land in ten years, and the clover seed lodged in the ground had not vegetated for lack of the kindred nourishment found in the muck to develop it. The land was of a sandy clay loam on a limestone base. What it lacked to develop the clover was plowing and the muck dressing, which afterward retained its hold upon the land for years. Now, there are fields on many farms needing just such treatment as we have described to make them produce both good grain and grass, but they never get it because the land is never plowed or resowed. On an adjoining field of fifteen acres we were not so fortunate. Having been several years in grass, it was plowed and worked deep for corn; but when the corn came up simultaneously appeared all over the field a crop of May weed, which for a time seemed to defy all attempts to work the corn. In fact, it required a harrow and two men to work in advance of the corn plow to find it. A tougher job we never engaged in than the extinguishment of the May weed, which, like the clover in the adjacent field, having been plowed under, had never vegetated until we had plowed for corn. All this trouble comes from slovenly farming, or allowing crop of weeds to be plowed under after the seeds have formed. May weed is a very troublesome weed, but it never appeared again after the land was well resowed to grass. —*Orange County Farmer*.

### Household Recipes and Hints.

**PORK TENDERLOINS.**—Cut in thin slices; stew in water till nearly done, put a little butter into a frying-pan, and fry them until brown; serve on buttered toast.

**POTATO BISCUIT.**—For potato biscuit, boil half a dozen fine, large potatoes, mash them; when cool, add a cup of sweet milk and flour enough to roll out with a teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted with the flour; do not knead more than is absolutely necessary; cut into small biscuits, and bake in a quick oven.

**SUGAR PUDDING.**—One quart of milk, one-quarter of a pound each of flour, sugar and butter; boil until thick, then add six eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately. Bake in a dish set in a pan partly filled with hot water, one hour. Serve with a sauce made of two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, well mixed.

A keg or bag of charcoal kept in milk rooms or cellars where there is milk will be found advantageous, especially if the rooms or cellar incline to be at all damp. The charcoal will absorb both dampness and odors from the air and thus preserve the milk, in great measure, from taint.

A very good apple jelly for every-day use can be made as follows: Get nice, juicy cooking apples, pare, core and cut them in quarters. To each pound put half a small teacupful of water, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, the rind of half a lemon cut very fine. Boil gently three-quarters of an hour, or until some cooled on a plate will set quite firm. Have a China mold well wetted with cold water, pour the jelly into this and tie down, as jam, if not wanted at once. The apples should be stirred well and mashed fine with the spoon while boiling, leaving less than 15 per cent. for the balance of the country, including all the Southern States. —*New York World*.

To make apple potpie, take fourteen apples, peeled, cored and sliced, one and a half pints of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one cupful sugar, half cupful butter, one cupful milk, large

pinch salt. Sift flour with powder and salt, rub in butter cold, add milk, mix into dough as for ten biscuits; with it line shallow stewpan to within two inches of bottom; pour in one and a half cupsful water, apples and sugar, wet edges and cover with rest of dough; put cover on, set it to boil twenty minutes, then place in moderate oven, until apples are cooked; then remove from oven, cut top crust in four equal parts, dish apples, lay on them pieces of side crust cut in diamonds, and pieces of top crust on a plate; serve with cream.

Steel will not oxidize or rust in dry air, and any process or method adopted to secure this will preserve the finest polish to the surface of steel or iron for a long period. There is an old plan in use by the large Birmingham (England) cutlery manufacturers, which is not generally known, and which is easy of practical application. Piano-forte wire and all small bright goods are kept in this way secure from damage by rust. The agent used is simply fine quicklime dusted over the polished surface. When articles are required to be preserved for some length of time, strips of paper freely covered with powdered lime are to be wrapped around them—sometimes the cutters place the goods in cases, and fill in with powdered lime. The hygroscopic properties of quicklime secures the presence of dry air around the polished surfaces and thus indirectly lime prevents steel from rust.

### The Population.

The following table gives the actual number of persons born in each State and in each foreign country, residing in the United States in 1880, as taken from the census reports. The percentage of the total population of the United States, born in each State and foreign country, has been computed and is here given for the purpose of comparison:

Born in	Total of the U. S.	Percentage of the total population.
Alabama	1,319,180	2.63
Arkansas	520,470	1.04
California	355,157	.71
Colorado	31,827	.06
Connecticut	538,832	1.07
Delaware	155,517	.31
Florida	194,518	.39
Georgia	1,719,068	3.43
Illinois	2,965,409	4.51
Indiana	1,798,490	3.59
Iowa	964,966	1.90
Kansas	279,151	.56
Kentucky	1,856,310	3.70
Louisiana	817,492	1.63
Maine	745,272	.14
Maryland	965,141	1.91
Massachusetts	1,356,295	2.70
Michigan	920,661	1.84
Minnesota	541,750	.68
Mississippi	1,056,065	2.11
Missouri	1,567,284	3.12
Nebraska	113,478	.23
Nebraska	185,256	.04
New Hampshire	371,262	.74
New Jersey	906,003	1.81
New York	4,153,547	9.48
North Carolina	1,638,058	3.27
Ohio	3,02,050	6.58
Oregon	184,108	.36
Pennsylvania	4,184,700	8.44
Rhode Island	201,722	.40
South Carolina	1,188,311	2.36
Tennessee	915,080	1.83
Texas	6,679,943	13.32
U. S. foreign countries	1,996,742	3.93
U. S. German Empire	1,855,561	3.70
England and Wales	746,363	1.49
British America	717,157	1.43
Sweden	194,337	.39
Norway	181,729	.36
Scotland	170,245	.34
France	106,971	.21
China	104,466	.21
All other foreign countries	636,370	1.27

From the above we see that of the total 50,155,783 persons residing in the United States in June, 1880, 43,475,840 or 86.68 per cent. were born within the United States and 6,679,943 or 13.32 per cent. were born abroad.

In like manner the distribution of the foreign born population of the United States is shown in the following table, which gives the foreign population of each State as taken from the census report and the percentage of the total as computed:

Foreign population.	Percentage of the total.	Total United States
Alabama	.14	9,734
Arkansas	.15	10,350
California	4.38	292,874
Colorado	.59	39,790
Connecticut	1.95	129,992
Delaware	.14	9,468
Florida	.15	9,909
Georgia	.17	10,564
Illinois	.84	583,576
Indiana	.21	144,178
Iowa	.39	261,650
Kansas	.16	110,086
Kentucky	.89	59,517
Louisiana	.81	54,146
Maine	.88	58,888
Maryland	.12	82,806
Massachusetts	.64	443,491
Michigan	.58	388,703
Minnesota	.41	267,676
Mississippi	.14	9,209
Missouri	.31	211,578
Nebraska	.14	97,414
Nevada	.38	25,653
New Hampshire	.69	46,294
New Jersey	.33	291,707
New York	.18	1,911,379
North Carolina	.06	3,742
Ohio	.51	384,943
Oregon	.47	30,503
Pennsylvania	.80	587,829
Rhode Island	1.11	73,968
South Carolina	.11	7,068
Tennessee	.25	16,702
Texas	1.73	114,916
Virginia	.23	14,626
West Virginia	.27	18,265
Wisconsin	.67	405,425
The States	97.50	6,499,784
The Territories	2.50	180,159

From the foregoing table we see that nearly 12 per cent. of all the foreign-born population of the United States reside in the New England states; a trifle over 30 per cent., or nearly one-third, in the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Nearly 17 per cent. are located in the three States of the Northwest—Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Again, nearly 17 per cent. are located in Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, over 5 per cent. in Kansas and Iowa and over 4 per cent. in California. The States just enumerated contain over 85 per cent. of the foreign population, leaving less than 15 per cent. for the balance of the country, including all the Southern States. —*New York World*.

In the forest beds near the delta of the Mississippi are found cypress trunks twenty

# Arlington Advocate

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## ADVERTISING RATES

Reading Notices, per line,	25 cents.
Special Notices,	15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line,	10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line,	8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.	

THE NEW YEAR.

To-day we issue No. 1, Vol. XIII., and enter upon another year of journalistic life hoping, of course, for fifty-two weeks of health for self and family and prosperity in our business ventures, yet content to receive that which shall be our portion, provided the event in each case has come after earnest, patient endeavor to be faithful to trusts imposed and to perform our part well.

We believe that in the past we have been actuated by a higher motive than the mere getting of dollars and cents, and we are much mistaken if the welfare and prosperity of the town and its advancement to the highest plane of moral excellence has not had something to do with the shaping the course and fixing the tone of each issue of our paper. Naturally of a hopeful disposition and sanguine temperament, the editor has sometimes been impatient with the progress made toward what all good citizens will acknowledge a desirable state of affairs in the town, and there is with us to-day a feeling of disappointment that things are not better in many respects. But the town's most bitter enemy will be forced to acknowledge that for several years there has been an advancement toward a better state of affairs, and the citizen who will investigate will find there is cause for self congratulation at the present state of public sentiment in regard to town government, the management of its affairs, and also on the great moral question of the time.

During the coming year we shall labor to secure the best good to the town. Whatever is praiseworthy we shall commend in no uncertain terms, and what is wrong we shall speak of in the words, and with the motive, of a true friend; and whenever occasion calls, wrong doing or neglect of duty will receive its deserved rebuke.

Once again we solicit aid in increasing the circulation of our paper, and this we do all the more readily because it is such an easy matter for one friend to induce another to become a subscriber. We will gladly send specimen copies to any address, and will furnish special numbers if desired where the edition is not entirely exhausted.

Our printing rooms have been remodeled during the past month, materially increasing our capacity for doing job printing in all its forms, including catalogue and book printing in the very best manner, and we shall add to our already very large assortment of job type as new styles are issued from the foundries, and the business demands.

Friends are invited to call, and the general public is assured a cordial welcome to our rooms in Swan's Block, Arlington, at any and all times in business hours (or out of them if occasion requires) during this new year 1884.

A Correspondent of the New York Sun gives some very interesting facts in regard to the colored people of Washington who number 65,000. They enjoy all the social and political rights the law can give them without protest or annoyance, but in society the color line is rigidly drawn. No colored family, no matter what their wealth or influence is received by the whites upon an equality. Many of them there live elegantly, and are people of culture and intelligence, but nothing can permit them to pass over this line. This sort of prejudice seems to be so thoroughly ground into the nature that it is likely to endure for many generations yet and perhaps always. However it seems no bar to the acquirement of wealth and of political recognition.

The annual meeting of the Boston & Lowell R. R. corporation was held in the depot at Boston on Wednesday, and the old board of officers was re-elected for the ensuing year. The attendance was small, though a large share of the stock was represented.

The Red Ribbon Reform Clubs of Massachusetts meet in reunion with the Club at Waltham, on Wednesday, Jan. 16th. The founder of these organizations, Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, will probably visit this section next month.

Mr. R. W. Hilliard's insurance agency, at No. 2 Swan's Block, Arlington, has given out a large number of handsome calendars for 1884. Make him a call and secure one now.

## NEW STATE GOVERNMENT.

This week has witnessed the inauguration of a new State government, the first act in the change being the meeting of the Legislature on Wednesday; administration of the oath by Gov. Butler to representatives and senators assembled; the election of Hon. Geo. A. Bruce as President of the Senate—Hon. George A. Marden, speaker of the House, and other minor officers necessary to complete an organization;—the parade through the slush and rain (under escort of Co. D, 9th Regt.) of the Governor and Legislature to the church where Rev. Dr. Miner preached a remarkable election sermon.

A singular feature of this opening day was the vote in both branches of the Legislature for presiding and other officers, the vote being practically unanimous in every instance,—a high and deserved compliment to Mr. Marden for efficient services in the same position last year, and an expression of confidence towards Senator Bruce that must be highly gratifying to him and his friends.

On Thursday Hon. George D. Robinson, having the day previously resigned his seat in Congress, appeared before the Legislature, took the oath of office and delivered his inaugural address as Governor of Massachusetts. The day was in remarkable contrast from its predecessor, a clear sky, bright sunlight and keen, bracing air making it a model winter day in every respect. Every seat was occupied and the grand address of our honored first citizen was listened to with the closest attention.

### A New Morning Star.

Our adult readers will all remember the building and equipping a vessel to be used in carrying forward the missionary work among the islands of the Pacific Ocean about twenty years ago; that the same was wrecked and then replaced by a larger vessel which has been actively engaged for the last thirteen years in its mission work. The vessel was built by contributions from the Sunday schools of our land, and now that the natural growth of the work calls for a larger vessel, the managers naturally turn to the schools once more. The Morning Star now in use is a sailing vessel, but as this missionary field abounds in calms and shifting ocean currents, great delays and many perils are often encountered, and in this day of steam there seems to be no good reason why the Gospel should wait for wind and favoring tide; consequently the plan proposed embraces a steam and sailing vessel which shall be equal to any emergency. The cost of this vessel will not be far from \$45,000, and every Sunday scholar in the land is invited to take shares in it.

We might give more of the details of this enterprise, but Capt. Isaiah Bray, who commands the Morning Star, will be present at the Pleasant Street Congregational church, Arlington, next Sunday evening and explain the whole matter fully as well as give, as he is so abundantly able, an interesting account of the work among the people of the Micronesian Islands who have so recently taken their places among the civilized and enlightened peoples of the earth. The service is free and open to all and a cordial invitation is extended by Dr. Mason and the officers of his church. The service will be at seven o'clock, in the body of the church.

The January number of the Wide Awake is peculiarly attractive in its illuminated title page, into which is introduced a charming moonlight winter scene and a sport about which all have heard and Canadians enjoy so much. Within these bright covers, however, are the real treasures of the opening number of the year, the briefest catalogue of which would occupy considerable space. The contributors embrace Mrs. Whitney, Rev. E. E. Hale, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Elbridge S. Brooks, and others, and their contributions cover the widest range of incident and story in verse and prose. The illustrations maintain the high place taken long ago, and are gems in many respects, especially Aesop's Fable, "The Hare and the Tortoise." This charming monthly for young folks is published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

According to the official reports, insanity is noticeably increasing in New York. The asylums contain a much larger number of patients than they did at the close of last year. Dr. St. John Roosa expresses the conviction that a leading cause of this increase is that life in the great cities is too hurried, and consequently too wearing on the mental faculties. Dr. Frank Hamilton is of opinion that "it is one of the natural results of our fast civilization and of foolish attempts to develop the mind, while comparatively little attention is paid to the condition of the body."

The Red Ribbon Reform Clubs of Massachusetts meet in reunion with the Club at Waltham, on Wednesday, Jan. 16th. The founder of these organizations, Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, will probably visit this section next month.

Mr. R. W. Hilliard's insurance agency, at No. 2 Swan's Block, Arlington, has given out a large number of handsome calendars for 1884. Make him a call and secure one now.

## LIBRARY NOTES.

Through the kindness of the editor of the *Advocate*, there will be published each week, under this heading, notes upon some of the newer books in Arlington Public Library. These notes are written or selected by Miss M. P. James, librarian of the Newton Free Library, and are intended to give readers a better idea of the nature of the books mentioned than can be obtained from catalogues and lists of additions.

J. P. P.

Bishop, W. H.: *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces; A Journey in Mexico, Southern California, Arizona, etc.* 59.30

"The author has produced an unique volume of travels. He describes the people, the country, its scenery, customs, ruins, its many picturesque and beautiful buildings, and its present condition politically, in a most fascinating and thorough manner.

Brooks, Phillips. *Sermons preached in English Churches.* 514.21 "The sermons collected in the present volume are fourteen in number, and with a single exception they have the freshness of having been preached as late as May, June and July of 1883."

Campbell, H.: *The American girl's Home Book of Work and Play.* 59.27

"As yet, though boys are provided for, girls have no book that will be a trustworthy guide, either in work or play; and it is hoped that the present one will fill that 'long unoccupied niche' which many authors have felt it their mission to redeem from emptiness, and become the trusted friend and adviser of all the girls who are uncertain what is best in work or play."

Eggleson, E.: *The Hoosier School Boy.* 1211.31

"Depicts some of the characteristics of boy-life years ago on the Ohio, and presents a vivid picture of the difficulties which in those days beset the path of youth aspiring for an education."

Reade, A. A.: *Study and Stimulants; or the Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life.* 58.19

"What is the real influence of stimulants and narcotics upon the brain? What has been the experience of those engaged in intellectual work? The problem has for years exercised my thoughts, and with the hope of arriving at data which would be trustworthy and decisive, I entered upon an inquiry among the representatives of literature, science and art in Europe and America."

Jan. 4, 1884.

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**MERITORIOUS.**—Pearl's White Glycerine makes the skin clear, pure, soft and white; is harmless and delightful to use and at once effective. Throw away your cosmetics and ask your druggist for Pearl's White Glycerine.

The following from Mr. E. J. Raymond, of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express Company, 78 Church Street.

Messrs. Lewis & Co.—Gentlemen—You ask me what effect Lewis' "Red Jacket Bitters" has had in my case. In answer will say that for the last eighteen months I have been chock full of malaria, as you well know. I have employed different physicians without avail, and was taking from fifteen to eighteen grains of quinine daily when I began the use of the "Red Jacket Bitters." I have now used four bottles of the bitters, and am for the first time in eighteen months strong and well. They are worth their weight in gold.

Yours truly,  
E. J. RAYMOND.

## Marriages.

In Arlington, January 1, by Rev. C. H. Spalding, of Boston, Arthur H. Richardson and Miss Cora D. Green, both of Arlington.

In Arlington, Dec. 31, by Rev. J. P. Forbes, at his residence on Academy street, Mr. Horatio A. Phinney, of Cambridge, and Miss Georgie W., daughter of F. S. Frost, Esq., of Arlington.

In Lexington, Dec. 26, by Rev. C. A. Staples, Mr. Alvah W. Clark, of Boston, and Miss Adelle C. Hadley, of East Lexington.

## Flowers for weddings.

Wm. J. Dinsmore,  
North Cambridge.

## BOOK KEEPING.

The subscriber purposes opening a night school at his residence Independence St., East Lexington.

Young men and ladies desirous of obtaining a knowledge of Book Keeping are requested to address or call before the 10th inst.

WM. KIDSBOON.

**C. H. Crane**  
will sell at his place on Arlington Avenue, Arlington, one Two-seated, very roomy SLEIGH, One SINGLE SLEIGH;  
One TOP BUGGY;  
One HORSE TIP CART,  
all second hand, but in good order.  
Come early and avoid the rush.

## Flowers for funerals.

Dinsmore, Florist,  
North Cambridge.

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Invite the attention of farmers and others requiring water for irrigating purposes and domestic supply, to their Improved Steam Pumps, which are SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, POSITIVE IN OPERATION. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Boston Warrooms, 44 Washington Street.

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## For the HOLIDAYS!

**CASSIUS M. HALL,**

**GROCER,**

**PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON,**

Has in stock a fine variety of

**Holiday Goods,**

**Canned Goods.**

We make a specialty of Arlington Wheat Meal and Arlington Wheat Meal Biscuit.

## Fruits and

**Confectionery.**

N. B.—Finding that closing at 7 o'clock discommodes a number of our customers, after Monday, November 26th, 1883, we shall keep open evenings until 8 o'clock.

A. P. SMITH,

Receiver of

**Fine Butter.**

Visits Arlington every Monday. Persons desiring fresh packages of finest butter can be supplied by addressing

Box 226, Lexington.

CHARLES T. WEST,

INSURANCE AGENT.

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Office of W. A. Peirce's Coal Yard.

Insurance effected in Mutual and Stock Companies as desired. Personal attention to all kinds of insurance business.

Open for business:

Wednesdays from 2.30 to 5.30 P. M.

Saturdays from 3.30 to 7.30 P. M.

7 Dec. 1883.

# THE YEAR 1884

IS JUST AT HAND.

## Temperance Department.

THE GIANT STRIDES OF THE GREAT CURSE.  
It was not many years ago, that lager beer was almost unknown in America. Its manufacture was commenced in Philadelphia, we believe, not more than thirty years ago, and for years it had a very slender hold upon the American people. The enormous influx of Germans into the country, gave the manufacture an impetus, the American and Irish population commenced drinking it, and its use was for a time encouraged, as it was believed that it would be a substitute for the more potent whiskey.

Ten or fifteen years ago the business of brewing got out of the hands of those who introduced it and was taken hold of by the shrewdest business men in the country, who saw the possibilities of a great trade in it. Since that time the trade has changed entirely, both as to the beer itself and the methods of selling it. Then the brewer made as much beer as he could sell in the natural way, and was content. He made, also, a good, sound beer of malt and hops, and gave it sufficient age to make it something near healthful, and it was then probably the least injurious of all malt liquors. It is quite another thing now. Very much of the beer sold to-day contains other material than hops and malt, and it is put upon the market almost universally before it is fit to enter the human stomach. It is not brewed as formerly—in the winter for consumption in the summer—the mill grinds now perpetually, and the beer of Monday morning is on the market just as soon as there is a demand for it, and the brewer works night and day to make that demand as large as possible. It is perfectly safe to say that 90 per cent. of the beer drunk now-a-days is unfit for use because of its newness, to say nothing of the terrible adulterations of materials in its manufacture. Chemical science has made cheap the brewing of beer, and science is cutting off the threads of life of the beer-drinkers with a rapidity that is frightful. There is no regular beer-drinker who does not carry in him the seeds of death.

The profit in beer is so enormous that every brewer has converted himself into an apostle of intemperance. Men are not permitted to choose whether they will drink beer or not. If not compelled to drink it they are enticed into its use. The business has come to be aggressive. The business of drunkard making has come to be one that has its regular methods, the same as dry goods, groceries and hardware. The brewer, to sell his product, makes it the chief business of his life to educate men and boys into its consumption. The brewer first canvasses his city and finds where beer shops are not. He finds a neighborhood which has no beer shop, and whose inhabitants do not want one because they do not drink it. That matters not to him. He finds him a man who is willing to take the position of first lieutenant in this army of the devil, and establishes him in the business. The brewer rents the rooms, furnishes the counters, the chairs, the pool tables and the cards, the whisky, which is a necessary adjunct, and the beer, which is the main point. The man in charge then sets about the education of the people into the use of beer. It is a natural thing for the men of a neighborhood to gather somewhere, and the place is selected with this end in view. They do gather there, they cannot stay without drink, and once a sufficient number in the habit of coming there, the work is done. The brewer has got his customers. He is selling so many kegs a day. Boys and men alike are welcome to the place; private rooms are kindly provided for those who desire privacy, and the hellish game goes on. The character of the neighborhood changes at once, not slowly and imperceptibly, but immediately. Inspired by the coldest-blooded kind of avarice, impelled by the peculiar American fever for getting rich rapidly, this business has changed from a questionable, though comparatively harmless, nuisance into a positive, aggressive evil. The beer-shop has changed from a modest evil to an aggressive terror. It was once the place in which to complete the ruin of men—it is now the author and finisher of men's ruin. It was once the place where men naturally weak and vicious went for solace or forgetfulness, it has become an octopus with its myriad of arms reaching out in all directions for victims, and pulling them in whether or no. Brewers are now equipping saloons and commissioning saloon-keepers, and every saloon must sell so much beer per day to keep its place, and as there are not enough ready-made drinkers, they make them. It is through this infernal agency system, this recruiting service, that the sale of beer has mounted up in the United States from thousands to millions. It is this terrible system of fitting new stomachs for the consumption of beer that has given Toledo, a city of 70,000 population, 800 beer-shops. It is this forcing system in the manufacture and consumption of beer that is compelling the States to double, treble, and quadruple the extent of their jails, penitentiaries, and almshouses. It is this forcing system that gives pawnbrokers their business and keeps the Police Courts busy. It is this infernalism that is slowly but very surely undermining the health of the American people, and lessening their moral and physical strength. It is this system of forcing that is rearing a generation of drunkards, a generation of slaves to the saloons.

The forcing system does not end with the cities. The agents of the brewer scour the country. If there is a country village happily without beer, he establishes the plague-spot at once. If there is a cross-road with a neighborhood that has for a generation been happily exempt from its curse, one is immediately planted. Along the lines of the new railroads the first thing visible after the establishment of a station is the sign "Lager Beer." It precedes progress.

The beer-power is the enemy of civilization, of good morals and good order. The schools cannot educate as rapidly as it can degrade. It is the fountain-head of vice, the source of poverty, and the beginning of everything that is bad. What good the efforts of good men and women to make mankind better so long as this vast power is permitted to counteract their efforts and to undermine their influence? What good schools and reformatories with this vast power creating crime even faster than it can be restrained and punished? What good to turn boys out of schools with this power with its outstretched arms to receive them?

The worst opponent the reformatories of the day have to contend with is the brewer and his lieutenants. They have a money interest in beer, while men who do good do it at their own expense. Beer has the best of it.

Is this domoralizing process to go on for ever? Is the country to be given over to these tortures of malt and hops? Is this swash of beer to widen and broaden till it overspreads the whole country? It is for the sober people of the country to say.—*Toledo Blade.*

### CARY LIBRARY.

Books added Dec. 29th.

#### Biography.

Eddy, Col. Jonathan, Memoir of. J. W. Porter. 1595  
Heroes of Literature. English Poets. J. Dennis. 12142  
Judson, Adoniram, Life of. E. Judson. 14100  
My Reminiscences, 2 Vols. Lord Ronald Gower. 1596  
Queens of England, Young Folks' History of. 3 Vols., R. Kaufman. 1195  
Story of my Heart. The. R. Jefferies. 1196  
Victorian Authors, Earlier. 1197  
Wagner, Life of. L. Nohl. 12143  
Washington, Young Folks' Life of. E. E. Brown. 12144  
Whittier, John Greenleaf, A Biography, F. H. Underwood. 13167  
Fiction.  
Ambitious Woman, An. E. Fawcett. 53187  
Asheldon Schoolroom, The. F. M. Peard. 52184  
Beyond the Gates, E. S. Phelps. 52186  
Bonnywell Vane. J. E. Cooke. 52185  
Boy Knights, The, A Tale of the Crusades. G. A. Henty. 52187  
Christmas in a Palace, E. E. Hale. 52188  
Friar Hildebrand's Cross. M. A. Paull. 53188  
Grey Hawk, Edited by J. Macaulay. 53189  
Guenn, B. W. Howard. 53190  
Home and School, M. Bramston. 52189  
Jose and Benjamin, A Tale of Jerusalem in the time of the Herods. Professor F. Delitzsch. 52190  
Jovinian, W. H. G. Kingston. 51227  
Little Schoolmaster Mark, The. J. H. Shorthouse. 52191  
Mate of the Daylight, The. S. O. Jewett. 51228  
"Not my Way," or Good out of Evil. T. M. Browne. 52193  
Only a Girl, A Tale of Brittany. C. A. Jones. 52192  
Queen's Body Guard, The. M. Vandegrift. 53191  
Rossmoyne, M. Argles. 53192  
School Girls all the World over. 52193  
Story for the School Room, A. 52194  
Tempest Tossed. 52195  
Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill. J. T. Trowbridge. 51226  
True Tales for my Grandsons, Sir Samuel W. Baker. 53194  
Two Little Waifs. Mrs. Molesworth. 52196  
Unac the Indian, H. Fritch. 52197  
Vagabondia, F. H. Barnett. 53198  
Wearyholme, E. S. Holt. 53196  
Woman's Reason, A. W. D. Howells. 53197  
Wrecked, W. O. Stoddard. 52198  
History.  
American History, Aunt Charlotte's Stories of. C. M. Yonge & H. H. Weld. 81211  
Bangor, Centennial Celebration, Sept. 30th, 1869. 84121  
British Isles, Pictorial Architecture of the, H. H. Bishop. 8775  
Civil War, Anecdotes of the, Maj. Gen. E. D. Townsend. 82138  
Civil War, Young Folks' History of the, Mrs. C. E. Cheney. 82139  
English History, Stories from, L. Creighton. 81222  
Italian Sculpture, Historical Handbook of, C. C. Perkins. 85143  
King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. H. Fritch. 82140  
Kingston, One Hundred and Fifteenth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of, Michigan and its Resources, Old South Church, Boston, Historical Catalogue of the, Peabody Education Fund, Proceedings of the Trustees, 2 Vols. 84122  
Scandinavian Literature, History of the, F. W. Horn. 85144  
Suffolk Deeds, Vol. 2. 8737  
Miscellaneous.  
Capital for Working Boys, J. E. M. Conancy. 38111  
Characteristics, A. P. Russell. 38112  
Excursions of an Evolutionist, J. Fiske. 38113  
Land and its rent, F. A. Walker. 3780  
Painting, Lectures on, E. Armitage. 38114  
Political Recollections, G. W. Julian. 38115  
Shakespeare, Folk-Lore of, Rev. T. F. T. Dyer. 3497  
Shakespeare, Tales from, C. & M. Lamb. 38116  
Sound Bodies for Boys & Girls, W. Blaikie. 3761  
Speech and Manners, E. S. Kirkland. 3762  
Periodicals.  
Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 52. 422  
Century, The, Vol. 26. 422  
Harper's Magazine, Vol. 67. 423  
Longman's Magazine, Vol. 2. 417  
North American Review, Vol. 137. 418  
St. Nicholas, Vol. 10. 443

**Poetry.**  
Classic Heroic Ballads, Deutsche Lyrik, C. A. Buchheim. 7153  
English Verse, Edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. 7247  
Vol. 1. Ballads and Romances.  
Vol. 2. Dramatic Scenes and Characters.  
Vol. 3. Translations.  
Mercedes and Later Lyrics, T. B. Aldrich. 7357  
Robin Hood, Poems, Songs and Ballads, Edited by J. Ritson. 7248  
Books of Reference, Not to be taken from the Library.  
English Authors, A Brief Handbook of, O. F. Adams. 11110  
Religion.  
Colored Bible, The, for the Young. 91108  
Christian History in its Three Great Periods, J. H. Allen. 91109  
Vol. 3. Modern Phrases.  
Luther's Table Talk, Edited by W. Hazlitt. 91110  
Science.  
Body and Will, H. Maudsley. 24155  
Cottage Houses for Village and Country Homes, S. B. Reed. 22171  
Popular Science Monthly, Vol. 23. 278  
Travels.  
Boys of the Sierras, Edited by W. Montgomery. 64113  
Caucasus, Notes on the, Wanderer. 6567  
English Rambles, W. Winter. 61118  
Realm of the Ice King, The. 63110  
Three Vassar Girls in England, L. W. Champney. 64114  
Through Spain on Donkey-Back. 6616  
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#### THE SNOW-STORM.

The old earth lying bare and cold,  
Beneath the winter sky,  
Beheld the storm-king marshal forth  
His battle force on high.  
"Ah! soon," she said, "beneath the snow  
I'll warmly I shall lie."

The wind unfurled his banners  
And rushed into the fray,  
The round moon hid her jolly face  
Within a cloud of gray,  
And not one single star peeped out  
To drive the gloom away.

The snow, encamped behind a cloud,  
Sent flying, here and there,  
Its white-winged heralds to proclaim  
Its presence in the air.  
Until, at last, the fairy host  
Burst from its cloudy lair.

The snow flakes, rushing downward,  
Each in a whirling dance,  
Before the winds are driven  
Likes armies by the lance;  
But still, upon the waiting Earth,  
The shining hosts advance.

The wild wind, shrieking as he goes,  
Flies fiercely to and fro,  
And strives, with all his mighty force,  
To sweep away the snow.  
But bravely still the soft flakes fall  
Upon the Earth below.

All white and swift it settles down,  
Though Boreas howl and storm,  
Till soft as summer's green the robe  
It falls about her form;

No dair, ery of leaf and flower  
Could make the Earth so warm.

It charges with no battle-cry;  
But pure, and soft, and still,  
It falls upon the waiting Earth,  
It promises to fulfill.

And foils the angry, shrieking wind  
By force of gentle will.

The foe has furled his banners,  
And hastened from the fray.

The round moon peeps with jolly face  
From out the cloud of gray;

And all the stars come twinkling out  
To see who gained the day.

There all the earth lay shining,  
In garments pure and white;

The snow fulfilled its mission,

And, conquering in the fight,

Had warmed the old Earth to the heart.

Beneath its mantle white.

—*Royal and Barr Hill, in St. Nicholas.*

#### A STORY OF ARTEMUS WARD

RELATED BY HOWARD PAUL.

I remember the late Albert Smith, who was one of the staff of the *London Punch*, once telling a group of men, who were standing with him at the Garrick club, that before he gave his first entertainment, The Overland Mail, in London, and risking the fate of a metropolitan audience, he determined a trial-trip in the provinces to note the effect of his quips upon a less cultivated and exigent public. He settled upon the market town in Surrey, and his bold, bright announcements, full of promise and pictorially embellished, populated the reserved seats and respectfully filled the hall. Thus far all was well. He began his lecture, and kept his vigilant eye on a respectable old gentleman, who was accompanied by three young ladies, all of whom sat near the platform.

The lecturer was received in cold and solemn silence; and, without unnecessary preliminaries, he at once plunged easily into his subject, rattling it off as only Albert Smith in his fresh, fluent young days could have done. Some of the audience now and then tittered, one or two got as far as a laugh, but the stately old country gentleman, with the three daughters, preserved a quiet dignity and heard the entertainment from end to end without the semblance of a smile.

The genial, effervescent Albert feared that his "Overland Mail" was not the roistering success he fondly hoped it would prove, and as the people were groping their way out of the ill-lit little hall into the gloom and rain of a winter's night, he approached the old gentleman and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but how did you like my entertainment? I am most anxious to know your opinion."

"Sir," replied the old gentleman, buttoning up his great-coat and drawing himself up with an imperious air of importance, "it was a very pleasant lecture, indeed, and had it been less serious, and treated in a different spirit, I have no doubt my family would have enjoyed it very much. Good night, sir."

Albert was appalled. His jokes had all missed fire and had been unquestionably misunderstood. It was clear that his style of fun was not adapted to the provincial mind. It was obvious that he must revise his entertainment, or bombard the Londoners with his jests. He chose the latter alternative, and for very many years his "show," as he delighted to call his representations, was one of the fashionable attractions of the great metropolis.

I was relating this incident one day to Artemus Ward, and insisting on the theory that what suits the town will not always hit the mark in the country. He protested that he was quite of my opinion—"only more so"—and then he proceeded to illustrate his conviction by this little anecdote:

"Before I ventured to storm the big cities," said he, "I thought I'd take a modest turn in some of the towns and villages up through New York State, and I settled to begin at an outside place called Goshen, a great cheese and butter depot. My agent was an adroit advertising fiend, named John P. Smith, who stuck at nothing as far as printer's ink was concerned, and was a bit of a wag in his way. He promised to do his level best to make the lecture a success. We put up at the principal inn and distributed a hat full of free tickets, so as to be sure of a decent crowd in the hall. Well, everything was in readiness; and, at the last moment, I sent for Smith, who was so 'tend' door. I said, 'John, I feel shaky and nervous, and I wish, after the people get well in, you'd give me a hand now and then to start 'em on.'

"Leave it to me," said Smith encouragingly. "I've fixed all that."

"I followed my agent's advice," con-

tinued Artemus, "and presented myself to the expectant public. I was rigged

out in a white vest and tie, and looked

as insipid as a boiled fowl. I didn't get

the Eddystone Light of the Pacific is to be erected on Seal Rock, St. George's Reef, eight miles from the shore, opposite Crescent City, Cal., and will cost \$400,000. The highest point of Seal Rock is fifty-four feet above mean tide. The light will be 100 feet higher.

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## Temperance Department.

THE GIANT STRIDES OF THE GREAT CURSE.  
It was not many years ago, that lager beer was almost unknown in America. Its manufacture was commenced in Philadelphia, we believe, not more than thirty years ago, and for years it had a very slender hold upon the American people. The enormous influx of Germans into the country, gave the manufacture an impetus, the American and Irish population commenced drinking it, and its use was for a time encouraged, as it was believed that it would be a substitute for the more potent whiskey.

Ten or fifteen years ago the business of brewing got out of the hands of those who introduced it and was taken hold of by the shrewdest business men in the country, who saw the possibilities of a great trade in it. Since that time the trade has changed entirely, both as to the beer itself and the methods of selling it. Then the brewer made as much beer as he could sell in the natural way, and was content. He made, also, a good, sound beer of malt and hops, and gave it sufficient age to make it something near healthful, and it was then probably the least injurious of all malt liquors. It is quite another thing now. Very much of the beer sold to-day contains other material than hops and malt, and it is put upon the market almost universally before it is fit to enter the human stomach. It is not brewed as formerly—in the winter for consumption in the summer—the mill grinds now perpetually, and the beer of Monday morning is on the market just as soon as there is a demand for it, and the brewer works night and day to make that demand as large as possible. It is perfectly safe to say that 90 per cent. of the beer drank now-a-days is unfit for use because of its newness, to say nothing of the terrible adulterations of materials in its manufacture. Chemical science has made cheap the brewing of beer, and science is cutting off the threads of life of the beer-drinkers with rapidity that is frightful. There is no regular beer-drinker who does not carry in him the seeds of death.

The profit in beer is so enormous that every brewer has converted himself into an apostle of intemperance. Men are not permitted to choose whether they will drink beer or not. If not compelled to drink it they are enticed into its use. The business has come to be aggressive. The business of drunkard making has come to be one that has its regular methods, the same as dry goods, groceries and hardware. The brewer, to sell his product, makes it the chief business of his life to educate men and boys into its consumption. The brewer first canvasses his city and finds where beer shops are not. He finds a neighborhood which has no beer shop, and whose inhabitants do not want one because they do not drink it. That matters not to him. He finds him a man who is willing to take the position of first lieutenant in this army of the devil, and establishes him in the business. The brewer rents the rooms, furnishes the counters, the chairs, the pool tables and the cards, the whisky, which is a necessary adjunct, and the beer, which is the main point. The man in charge then sets about the education of the people into the use of beer. It is a natural thing for the men of a neighborhood to gather somewhere, and the place is selected with this end in view. They do gather there, they cannot stay without drink, and once a sufficient number in the habit of coming there, the work is done. The brewer has got his customers. He is selling so many kegs a day. Boys and men alike are welcome to the place; private rooms are kindly provided for those who desire privacy, and the hellish game goes on. The character of the neighborhood changes at once, not slowly and imperceptibly, but immediately. Inspired by the coldest-blooded kind of avarice, impelled by the peculiar American fever for getting rich rapidly, this business has changed from a questionable, though comparatively harmless, nuisance into a positive, aggressive evil. The beer-shop has changed from a modest evil to an aggressive terror. It was once the place in which to complete the ruin of men—it is now the author and finisher of men's ruin. It was once the place where men naturally weak and vicious went for solace or forgetfulness, it has become an octopus with its myriad of arms reaching out in all directions for victims, and pulling them in whether or no. Brewers are now equipping saloons and commissioning saloon-keepers, and every saloon must sell so much beer per day to keep its place, and as there are not enough ready-made drinkers, they make them. It is through this infernal agency system, this recruiting service, that the sale of beer has mounted up in the United States from thousands to millions. It is this terrible system of fitting new stomachs for the consumption of beer that has given Toledo, a city of 70,000 population, 800 beer-shops. It is this forcing system in the manufacture and consumption of beer that is compelling the States to double, treble, and quadruple the extent of their jails, penitentiaries, and almshouses. It is this forcing system that gives pawnbrokers their business and keeps the Police Courts busy. It is this infarnalism that is slowly but very surely undermining the health of the American people, and lessening their moral and physical strength. It is this system of forcing that is rearing a generation of drunkards, a generation of slaves to the saloons.

The forcing system does not end with

the cities. The agents of the brewer scour the country. If there is a country village happily without beer, he establishes the plague-spot at once. If there is a cross-road with a neighborhood that has for a generation been happily exempt from its curse, one is immediately planted. Along the lines of the new railroads the first thing visible after the establishment of a station is the sign "Lager Beer." It precedes progress.

The beer-power is the enemy of civilization, of good morals and good order. The schools cannot educate as rapidly as it can degrade. It is the fountain-head of vice, the source of poverty, and the beginning of everything that is bad. What good the efforts of good men and women to make mankind better so long as this vast power is permitted to counteract their efforts and to undermine their influence? What good schools and reformatories with this vast power creating crime even faster than it can be restrained and punished? What good to turn boys out of schools with this power with its outstretched arms to receive them?

The worst opponent the reformatories of the day have to contend with is the brewer and his lieutenants. They have a money interest in beer, while men who do good do it at their own expense. Beer has the best of it.

Is this domoralizing process to go on for ever? Is the country to be given over to these tortures of malt and hops? Is this swash of beer to widen and broaden till it overspreads the whole country? Is it for the sober people of the country to say.—*Toledo Blade.*

### CARY LIBRARY.

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Eddy, Col. Jonathan, Memoir of. J. W. Porter. 1595  
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North American Review, Vol. 137. 417

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Has Relieved and cured Sufferers of Rheumatism by the Thousands.



Has Relieved and cured Sufferers of Rheumatism by the Thousands.

### REV. WM. T. WORTH

Recommends VEGETINE for Rheumatism and Sciatica:

FALL RIVER, MASS., May 13, 1879.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: For some years I have been, at times, much troubled with acute attacks of rheumatism. I especially suffered from sciatica, which was very severe. By the advice of friends who knew the use of Vegetine, I began to use it, and since that time I have had no attack of sciatica. I also suffered from rheumatism, but received but little benefit until I took the Vegetine, and taking it a few doses of the Vegetine. I also take pleasure in saying that I have received so much benefit, especially, from the Vegetine, that I have been able to shake off the rheumatism, and I count it no small pleasure to have been thus made free.

Respectfully, WM. T. WORTH, Pastor First M. E. Church.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

### ARTISTS' MATERIALS

FROST & ADAMS,

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Full Catalogue Free. Jan 16-17.

THE CENTURY.

PROGRAMME, 1883-'84.

The programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is, if anything, more interesting and popular than ever.

With every season, THE CENTURY shows a decided improvement in its new volume.

It begins with November, and when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year:

A NEW NOVEL BY GEORGE W. CARLIE, author of "Old Oracle," etc., entitled "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

LIFE IN THE THIRTEEN COLONIES, by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country

## TOLD BY THE PRESS WAGS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOUND IN HUMEROUS EXCHANGES.

Doctor and Patient—Two for a Quarter—Only a Calf—it Makes a Difference—Not Exactly.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

In one of our large towns a middle-aged individual, suffering from indigestion and various other ailments, having been advised to consult the leading physician of the locality, was ushered into the latter's private room. When he had detailed the symptoms of his malady, loss of appetite, sleepless nights, and so forth, "Ah," said the doctor, "I see how it is. You require plenty of air and exercise, but we will soon bring you round. Nothing so bad for the digestion as sedentary habits, desk work, and that sort of thing. You must manage to walk as much and as often as your business will allow. By the by, what is your business?" "Traveling peddler for the last five-and-twenty years," replied the patient.

TWO FOR A QUARTER.

He was smoking a fine, full-flavored Havana when he met a friend.

"Have a cigar?" he inquired, politely.

"Thanks," said the other, gratefully, taking and lighting the preferred weed.

After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, and, looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone.

"What do you pay for these cigars?"

"Two for a quarter," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction: "this cost me twenty cents and that five."

The conversation languished at this point.—*Puck.*

"ONLY A CALF."

Murphy heard cows in his orchard one night, and, slipping out the back way, appeared suddenly near the front steps, and yelled, "He-ah, Tige! He-ah, Tige! He-ah, Tige!"

Just then a figure rushed past, cleared two fences, and vanished in the gloom.

"Take 'im, take 'im!" screamed the old man; but his daughter Miranda, who had unaccountably arrived on the scene, secured the dog by the collar and refused to let go.

"What ye doin'," yelled the old man, "don't ye know them cows have been in here three or four times!"

"Oh, pa," was the answer, "but this was only a calf."

The old man was pacified, but Adolphus, who was standing out in the road waiting for developments, wasn't; and Miranda will never understand the coldness that has sprung up between them.—*Peck's Sun.*

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

"So you have been fighting again on your way home from school?"

"Y-e-s, sir."

"Didn't I tell you that this sort of business had got to stop?"

"Y-e-s, pa, but—"

"No excuses, sir! You probably provoked the quarrel!"

"Oh, no! no! He called me names!"

"Names? What of it? When a boy calls you names walk along about your business. Take off that coat."

"But he didn't call me names!"

"Oh, he didn't? Take off that vest!"

"When he called me the names I never looked at him, but when he pitched into me—I had to fight!"

"What? Did he call me names?"

"Lots of 'em, father! He said he lied to your constituents, and went back on the caucus and had—!"

"William, put on your coat and vest, and here's a nickel to buy peanuts! I don't want you to come up a slugger, and I wish you to stand well with your teacher, but if you can lick that boy who says I ever bolted a regular nomination or went back on my end of the ward, don't be afraid to sail in!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOT EXACTING.

"One word," she said, "before we part," and her bright eyes glowed in the mellow light of the turned-down lamp. "are you sincere?"

"I am sincere," he replied, in tones whose truthfulness could not be doubted by any one, save the most confirmed pessimist.

"Then you cannot give me a palace by Lake Como?" and she looked into his eyes as if she would read his inmost soul.

"I cannot," he answered.

"Not even a brown-stone front?"

"No." There was a wonderful firmness, a don't-you-forget-it-ness in the tone in which this momentous monosyllable was spoken.

"Not even a cottage in the suburbs?"

"Not even that, darling." There was an anguish in his accents that indicated a mind wholly given up to the gnawing inroads of a sharp-toothed despair.

"What can you offer me, then?" she asked; "what can you offer me as an incentive to induce me to become your bride?"

"A share in seven dollars a week, with a prospect of a rise next spring." He said this with all the deep conviction of a man who knows just how he stands.

"It is sufficient," she said, with a radiant smile; "I am yours, Algernon. A half loaf is better than no bread."—*Somerville Journal.*

SCOTCH HUMOR.

The humor of some stories needs some little knowledge to apprehend the altogether unconscious humor which comes out from the narrator. It has been said that of all the sciences, it is a difficult task to make a Highlander comprehend the value of mineralogy; there is some sense in astronomy, it means the guidance of the stars in aid of navigation; there is sense in chemistry, it is connected with dyeing and other arts; but "chopping off bits of the rocks," that is a mystery.

A shepherd was sitting in a Highland inn, and he communicated to another his experiences with "one of the mad Englishmen."

"There was one," said he, "who gave me his bag to carry, with a short cut across the hills to his inn, while he took the other road. Eh! it was dreadfully heavy,

and when I got out of his sight I determined to see what was in it, for I wondered at the unco weight of the thing; and man! it's no use for you to guess what was in that bag, for ye'd never find out. It was stanes!"

"Stanes!" said his companion, opening his eyes, "stanes!"

"Ay, just stanes."

"Well, that beats all I ever knew or heard of them. And did you carry it?"

"Carry it! Man, do ye think I was as mad as himself? Na! na! I emptied them all out, but I filled the bag again from the cairn near the house, and I gave him good measure for his money."

And yet Hugh Miller was a Scotchman.

A good deal of the humor is just in the shrewd simplicity of a reply. A London tourist met a young woman going to the kirk, and, as was not unusual, she was carrying her boots in her hand and trudging along barefoot.

"My girl," said he, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?"

"Partly they do," said the girl, "and partly they mind their own business."

The humor of the Scotchman does not always seem to wear the most amiable complexion. Some one remarked to an Aberdonian: "It's a fine day."

"Fa's (who's) finding fault wi' the day?" was the not very civil reply. "Ye'd pick a quarrel wi' a steen (stone) wa'—*Pixton Hood.*

THE RAG and BOTTLE MARKET.

Peddlers were emptying their carts of rags, old iron, and waste paper upon the floor of a junk shop in Mott street. The dealer, a Hebrew with bushy beard and sharp gray eyes, was raking the heaps over with a long hook.

"What do you get from this stuff?" we asked.

"A comfortable living," he answered. "Fifteen grades of rags are sold to the paper companies, at prices ranging from half a cent to four cents a pound, the latter price being paid for tailors' clippings from high priced goods. Old soft wools sell for about the same, and all these are worked into shoddy. Satinet and cotton rags are worth from half a cent to one cent a pound; old manilla rope is always in good demand at 1½ cents; tarred rope is a good thing, and when unravelled finds ready sale among shipbuilders, by whom it is used in calking seams of vessels. Old newspapers and books are worth one cent, and common wrapping paper a half cent. Pasteboard is of little value, but is sometimes taken at a quarter cent. Trade in the old rag and paper line is slack at present. The old metal market, however, is always lively. Old copper is the best thing in that line, bringing from ten to twenty-five cents. Business is never very brisk, though for illiterate people have very little correspondence."

The last words were uttered in an emotional, almost tragical manner. They revealed, too, that the speaker was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and learning.

"But I am not yet a beggar, sir; not yet," he continued, in a scarcely less emotional manner, "although I am very, very poor. The bootblacks and newsboys are my friends. They have not yet forsaken 'Old Nosey,' as I have been good-naturedly christened by them. The boys bring me customers, people who cannot write. I write letters for them, and sometimes make out bills. I carry my tools with me. (Here he produced a bottle of ink, pen, envelopes, and note-paper from an inside coat pocket.) My charge for writing a letter ranges from ten to twenty-five cents. Business is never very brisk, though for illiterate people have very little correspondence."

The reporter here hinted a desire to know where the scribe slept.

"Where do I sleep at night? Well, I hardly know how to answer that question. My list of lodging places is long. In hallways sometimes, and often in the corridors of second-rate hotels. During the summer time I slept in the parks. The watchmen all knew the old man and never interfered with him. You don't know how pleasant it was. The cool, sighing breezes, glorious sunsets, showering their baths of golden beauty and mellow crimson through the leafy coverlets overhead. Then the pretty little birds, hopping about with merry chirps or singing sweet songs to me from swaying boughs. To awake amidst such a scene was glorious. Why, even my morning wash at the fountain was grand and refreshing. The air laden with perfume from the flowers impregnated the very water, and made it appear as delicate cologne emitted from an enchanted fountain, more mystic and heavenly than any described in the "Arabian Nights." But the play is over now. Grim winter, with icy locks and freezing blasts, has curtained the scene with murky, ashen clouds, and of all the actors in those scenes I alone am left, and probably never to enjoy such beauties of nature again. This old frame cannot stand much more. Cold winter is relentless. Death and winter are conspirators in a common cause. To the poor, winter is an enemy—death, a friend."

"Why do I not seek lodgings at the station house? Because to do that would be to announce myself a vagrant and to mingle with tramps. I am neither, sir, but a gentleman, poor almost to death's door, but proud to the very parlor of the place."

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